TREE DAY NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 34.

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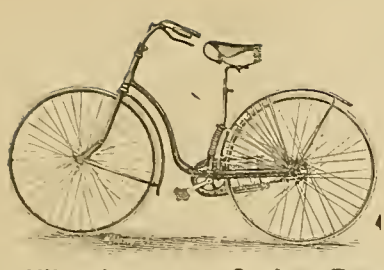

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PROGRAM OF TREE DAY EXERCISES.

NATURE'S APPEAL.

Come! Come! Glad Nature is calling to thee,
Look! Look! On hill-tops the sunlight falls free,
Hark! Hark! Time's victory sounds from the sea,
Sunlight and song, gladness and strength, beauty and truth bide for thee.

Song of the First Year's Spirit:

Through the night-born mists of grey,
We hear glad Nature's song,
Eastward, whence the perfect day
Must come to conquer wrong;
Eastward where the star of Hope
Is flaming o'er the night;
Eastward where the dawn gates ope
Turn eyes that yearn for light.

Song of the Second Year's Spirit:

O'er the veiled plains of Youth
Our feet pass wistful-wise.
Dreams of battles fought for Truth
Beneath the noon-day skies,
Dreams of dawn's red flag out-spread
And heights that wait the strong,
Dreams of Life, our hearts have led
To heed the eastward song.

Song of the Third Year's Spirit:

Lo, the first faint gleam of morn,
Awake glad hearts and sing!
Birds proclaim the light is born,
The blossoms greet their King.
Flames of joy caress the sea,
Where opal gleams reply;
Yearning hearts have waited thee
Sweet day that draweth nigh.

Song of the Fourth Year's Spirit:

O'er the mystic plains of Life
Clear rings the battle cry,
Bugles summon forth to strife,
Truth's banner sweeps the sky.
Hearts of ours send back the song
For faith and love and hope,
Feet of ours speed swift and strong
Where day-break portals ope.

Song of Triumph:

Ye children of light,
Unto thee must forever belong
The strength of the right,
The glad palm and the conqueror's song.
Thy queen bids thee rise;
Go ye forth in her beauty and might,
Still press toward the skies,
Till the day seeks the portals of night.

Ada S. Woolfolk.

NATURE'S MESSAGE

Greeting by Nature's Spirit, - - - - - - - Sara Elizabeth Stewart.
Interpretation of the Past, - - - - - - - Mary Elizabeth Wardwell.

Echo by the Voices of Nature, '91 Glee Club.

O, we are the jolly, gay students,
For laughter a season we've found,
Nor sorrow do we borrow,
Though that season lasts all the year round.
The sum of four years evolution,
Or — some one may say — revolution,
Singing cheerily;
Jesting merrily;
This way verily we've survived:
Every one exclaims,
Here we are.

We are the jolly, gay students,
For us no vague yearnings of soul,
And our sighs for th' unattainable
Will we hold under perfect control.
'Tis not of our learning we're vaunting,
Our dignity oft may be wanting,
Yet when a song's resounding
Every one exclaims,
Here we are.

Now maids of Wellesley, to you
We offer advise wise and sound,
At the shrine of the Good and the True,
O worship with worship profound.
On the vague shores of vast knowledge
Seek shells of philosophers' views;
And when you've a chance to have a good time
Rejoice thereat — never refuse.
Come then, come then, come then, O come.

O come join our throng, Ninety-two,
In union as ever before;
Come Ninety-three with energy,
Your energy known well of yore.
We're aware that you're quite near perfection,
Clear cases of natural selection,
Yet even you
Give room for improvement;
Come and join our throng,
Here we are.

And be all jolly, gay students,
Come sweet, shrinking, shy Ninety-four, before
Care's sadness, learning's madness
Shall rob you of one pleasure more;
Throw off dark solemnity's sable
And laugh as sweet children are able,
With song and dance advancing
And with mirth exclaim
Here we are.

Pleasures no sweeter we'll know
Than these of our glad college days.
When with light hearts all aglow
We wander through Wellesley's glad ways.
What though the years in full measure
Have given us sorrows and cares,
The joyous and jocund hours only we treasure,
And gain an inheritance rare.
Sing then, sing then, sing then, O sing.

Maud M. Taylor.

Problems of the Present, - - - - - - - Alice A. Stevens.

Response by the Voices of Nature:

To thee, O Wellesley, grave and fair,
Thy children's praises rise!
In shining robes of summer air.
Thou greet'st the joyous skies,
Thy beauty flushes field and lake,
Thy crown of light, the sun,
Thine anthems birds and breezes wake,
Thy day is just begun.

O mighty mother-heart, in thee
What wells of strength we find —
The wisdom born of liberty,
The reverent, questioning mind,
The larger hope, the steadfast hand,
The thought that truth reveres,—
We yield ourselves to thy command,
We trust thy coming years.

Lillian Corbett Barnes.

The Question of the Future, - - - - - - - Bertha Palmer.

Pledge by Voices of Nature:

Of golden-purple radiance
The web our spirits weave,
Its strands, the dawn's magnificence,
The shining stars of eve!
In days with dream-wrought splendor rife
Our eager hearts rejoice,
Till from the undertones of life
We hear a voice:
"Awake from the night!
The dream-laden visions are gone;
Awake and unite
Thy watch with the watchers for dawn!

Behold the wide plain
Where hearts in the darkness must grope.
In conflict and strain
Grows sweeter and vaster the hope!"
O Life, thy deepening tone
Arouseth us from sleep,
Upon the hills of years unknown
Our souls the watch shall keep!
The distant shining goal
Thine eyes alone can see,
Our freedom is thy wise control,
Our part to wait for thee.

Lillian Corbett Barnes.

Presentation of the Green by '91 to '94.

CLASS SONG.

Softer the breezes on Waban's fair shore,
Brighter the sunbeams than ever before,
Bending so gracefully, willows are seen,
Clad in fresh garments of silver and green.

Treetops are vocal with notes of a bird,
Under their branches songs sweeter are heard.
Maidens rejoicing in what is to be,
Hopefully plant their dear Ninety-four's tree.

Heralded far by faint fragrance, behold
Brilliant nasturtiums in scarlet and gold.
Brave cherry blossoms, a message they bring,
Faint not, repine not, but Doe Ye Nexte Thynge.

Sing, O clear voices, ring out the glad song,
Breezes from Waban shall waft it along.
Richest of blessings on class and on tree,
All through the years may there evermore be!

Alice Welch Kellogg.

Oration, - - - - - - - - - Sarah Smith Hickenlooper.
Presentation of the Spade, - - - - - - - Bertha DeForest Brush.
Reception of the Spade, - - - - - - - Elizabeth Bartholomew.
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First Year:

Hark! Hark! the call that comes across the sea,
Tra-la, tra-la-la, Wellesley.
Whence comes that note so sweet, so bold and free,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la.
From yonder port the challenge floats to eager ears,
And thrills the waiting hearts with mingled joys and [fears.
And now in glad response they send the same good
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la. [cheers,
For yonder distant port they'll gladly sail
What ho! they'll brave the threatening gale,
For yonder fairest port they'll gladly sail.
For yonder port they'll gladly sail.

The boats are waiting them upon the shore,
Heave-ho, heave-ho, heave-ho, heave-ho.
There's pulling hard by those in all the four,
Heave-ho, heave-ho, heave-ho!
Romana is a stately craft and "Sal" they cry,
But soon the breakers rise and then they "Vale" sigh,
While Chauvenet, though laboring hard, keeps always
Heave-ho! heave-ho! heave-ho! [dry,
And Hellene has lost her rudder now,
Heave-ho! heave-ho! heave-ho!
And waves dash wild and high o'er Chemie's prow.
The waves dash high over her prow.

"Off with your caps, ye jolly gallant crew,
Hail Ninety-four! Hail Ninety-four!
Your captain comes to hold you in review,
Hail Ninety-four! Hail!
Their chosen officers they greet with loyal pride
With them they'll venture forth upon the seas untried.
Their orders they'll obey whatever may betide.
Hail Ninety-four! Hail Ninety-four!
Heave-ho! ye loyal tars, the anchor weigh,
Heave-ho! Heave-ho! away! away!
No longer here our ships shall idly sway.
No longer here will idly sway.

To friends and home they wave a fond farewell,
Adieu, adieu, to home adieu!
From bonny eyes perchance a few tears fell,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!
Our sailors bold, their purpose hold without dismay;
Faint hearts they scorn and starting tears they dash
A parting look and then to sea away, away! [away,
Away! away! away!
Beyond the shoals young Ninety-four we see,
Away! away! away!
Matriculation is the harbor free,
Matriculation's harbor free.

Probation's shoals and mid-year's breakers passed,
Rah! rah! rah! rah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Within the harbor they are safe at last,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
The uniform they don of gallant Ninety-four,
The green and silver be their pride forevermore,
Till they her standard plant with joy on yonder shore.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their loyalty to thee they gladly swear,
Hurrah! Hurrah! a cheer for thee!
A cheer for Ninety-four so young and fair.
For Ninety-four so young and fair.

Unfurl the sails, let go from stay to stay,
Sail on, sail on, sail Ninety-four!
Young Ninety-four is safely under way.
Sail on, sail on, sail on!
But lo! the chart is new and hard the path to find,
From new-found-ways the fog-horn rocks ahead has [signed
The watchers call for help, for help, with mist half
Sail on, sail on, sail on! [blind.
At length they strike the clear and open sea,
Sail on, sail on, young Ninety-four.
A merry horn-pipe now they'll dance with glee,
A merry horn-pipe dance with glee.

Second Year.

Sick no more for home and land
On their sea-legs firm they stand.
The sea now may roll,
A song they will troll,
For O! and O! they're old salts now you know.

Seas are calm, and time have they
Just to laugh and sing all day.
The call thrice they bless:
"All forward to mess."
But O! and O! they scold the galley so.

'Tis a storm; the waves run high;
An experiment they'll try.
With oil on the ocean,
They'll quell the commotion.
And O! and O! they'll soothe that H_2O.

On the sunny deck they lie,
While in wondrous tales they vie;
A yarn can they spin
To sailors just in;
And O! and O! the yarns do bigger grow.

To the bridge the captain hastes,
Searcheth all the wide sea wastes;
The sun now he's taking,
His reckonings making,
And O! and O! the threatening clouds hang low.

Sailors stout their salt they earn,
Swab the deck from bow to stern.
"The hose drag, make ready,
Aft, lay aft there, steady!"
And O! and O! the days they quickly go.

Third Year.

All hands on deck, the clouds hang low,
A storm is surely brewing.
No one can idle now we know.
Hard work must all be doing.
Close reef the sails, make all things taut;
Be spry there in the rigging.
Else we shall in this gale be caught,
So we must all keep digging.
Stout of heart and strong of arm,
We'll feel no tempest's roar.
E'en an electric storm no harm
Shall flash for Ninety-four.
Diggety dig, oh sailors!
Dig, diggety, diggety, diggety, diggety,
Dig, dig, dig.

Lost are our reckonings; we're 'at sea.'
Our compass is quite shaken.
"Which is the north?" "'Tis on our lee."
"You surely are mistaken."
What shores are near to try to tell
Would only be a-shamming.
In future our charts we'll study well,
And so keep ever cramming.

'Tis not a question for debate,
No logic can befriend us.
And for experiment 'tis late;
Oh! what can now defend us?
Crammety, cram, oh sailors.
Cram, crammety, crammety, crammety, crammety.
Cram, cram, cram!

Rejoice, a break comes in the clouds;
Before the wind they're flying;
Let all the sails, make strong the shrouds,
We've learned what seas we're plying.
The mid-year line, our reckoning shows
We've crossed, and swift advancing
Before the favoring wind that blows,
We o'er the waves are dancing.

Clear now the decks, let all be done
For order's preservation.
Put this in "A," put this in "1,"
We'll hold a celebration;
Dancety, dance, oh sailors!
So walkety, walkety, walkety, walkety,
Walk, walk, walk!

Fourth Year.

Cruisers of four years we!
We have conquered gale, and tide and sea.
The deep looks green no more,
As when we pushed our boat from shore.
Wisdom's true color of blue,
Flashes now from sky and sea and crew;
While in the hold, there lie
Priceless treasures gained in days gone by.

Now the near shores we sight,
And the gleam of Port Diploma's light.
Hold the helm there, steady now!
Turn, turn the wheel and point the prow.
Farewell to ship and crew,
We have sailed a pleasant voyage through;
Let hand clasp hand once more,
While each voice vows faith to Ninety-four.

Planting of the Ivy, - - - - - - - - - Class of '92.

Ivy Song, - - - - - - - - - Florence Annette Wing.

GREETING BY NATURE'S SPIRIT.

Thro' all the joyful spring-time and the glad warm-hearted summer, to every wanderer in Wellesley's woods or by Waban's waters has come a welcoming voice. The whispering of the wind, the lapping of the little waves, the songs of the birds, and the humming of the bee, have spoken to the soul that listened, the warmest words of welcome. And to the weary laborer within, thro' every open window, at every swinging door has come this "friend's voice calling us to the green woods in the glad summer-time." With loving care has Nature decked herself to entice you from the close embrace of Duty. With lavish variety has she clothed herself in budding green, now whitened by the wind-flower, now made royal with the purple violet, now golden with the buttercups or pansies, now pink and white with the blossoming trees and the clover. And not always without avail has she made her loving efforts. Sometimes, for a brief hour, you have looked and listened, have been rocked upon the lake or river, have rested upon the shady bank, have heard the whispers of tender comfort thro' the trees, or the merry cheering whistles of the birds. But then, when Nature would begin to unfold to you the secrets of her love, the stern, far-reaching clutch of Duty, urged on by fleeting Time, and to the discord of clanging bells, has dragged you away.

To-day, elated at her victory, in that you have answered her call at this the very gate of her rival's citadel, the spirit of Nature appears to you responding to the summons of those who have loyally carried her color thro' four hard, but happy years; and, if the voice in which she bids you welcome to-day is more material, less beautiful, than that which speaks to you from the hills, the waters, the woods, the meadows, it is no less sincere, no less the warmest welcome.

Three years ago at this same season, a band of nymphs, robed in trailing green, left their native watery element, and planting a tiny shoot, begged the fostering care of Nature. She came, and, tho' she found her quarters somewhat cramped, has since abided with that feeble, struggling child, rejoicing that such bravery of endeavor should be found even upon a side hill and under the shadow of gloomy brick and mortar. She has seen with each returning spring, a band of dark-robed maidens bid farewell to a slender tree and go to be swallowed by the hungry, selfish world: now the time has come when she, too, is to be forsaken.

None of Wellesley's daughters have ever more loyally carried the color nor obeyed the voice of Nature than those who have now seen for the last time the beauties of Wellesley's spring-time, for the last time have wandered among her budding woods, for the last time have found the early violet and treasured the first pale fern. When another spring shall come, this little lake must sparkle for other eyes, the beauties of the woods and meadow gladden other hearts.

This day upon the threshold of our everlasting farewell to Wellesley's loveliness should be one for a bright remembrance. Will you not all, then, that are assembled here, unite to make it such? Throw aside empty skepticism! Doubt not that the Spirit of Nature could emerge from such a tiny shelter as yonder hopeful birch. Reflect that trees as well as men may say, "What I strive to be and cannot comforts me." Remember, and question not, that these faces, which seem familiar, are those of the children of Nature, not any that you have seen harassed by Senior Papers or shadowed by Senior Dignity. Remember that if the color green symbolizes to some jesting spirit ignorance and immaturity, it is for all the color of growth; and, if to any of you past growth seems doubtful, reflect there is eternity still in which to grow, and nature's own living color has not yet been discarded. Forget, oh friends, for one short day the demands of dull dark Duty and listen willingly and kindly to the words of Nature whether of welcome or of wisdom.

And first we turn to her whose wise and careful hand has led this wandering band thro' this last year, and gratitude we join to the welcome we extend.

To the wise and learned Faculty, Nature has also a word to say. From many of you has she received most kind attention. The beauties of a tiny flower, the mysteries of a harmless insect, the sermon in a simple stone could never have been discovered without the aid of knowledge, and Nature appreciates the assistance which this wise body has rendered. If any of you have neglected her call, and unswervingly supported Duty's mandates (restraining the would-be wanderer), it is forgiven and forgotten. Nature is herself too old and experienced a teacher not to understand the trade, and if to any of you there comes a weariness of the wisdom of books, Nature waits patiently not jealously, with many a babbling brook, with many a secluded nook, and many a little wonder for diversion. May her invitations to you soon meet with that more general acceptance which she covets!

To the Fifth Years. To those few maidens from the Princess' court whom their flitting companions left last year to grieve alone, and whose hearts are gladdened by their Mistress' presence to-day, Nature has a hearty welcome. Well have they, tho' the last, maintained the glory of a noble race. Nobly have they shown the results of the Princess' training. And Nature's word to them is the more appreciative since this departing band leaves behind it no watchful guardians of its honor, no few to keep its memory green. So a warm

and loving welcome we give to-day to Ninety's Fifth Years.

To the Specials. With joy Nature sees among her guests an old, a long-tried friend,—for Day and Nature have grown together. But thro' the rolling ages never before has careful Day condescended to appear in all her glories at once. The tender hues of the morning, the brilliancy of noon, the glories of the evening and the beauties of the night have to this time succeeded each other with never changing regularity; but to-day she shows herself in one overwhelming whole. Tho' such a favor can never be repeated, it is a comfort to reflect that one Day but gives place to another, that though they may change they will never end, while time endures. So without the dread of coming parting Nature bids you welcome with *special* emphasis, thou bright and glorious Day.

To the Juniors. To King Arthur and his Knights, what can we say? Nearest and dearest have they been to us. With their strong lances ready have they ever aided us in our struggle toward the beautiful and the good. Sometimes we have been told they have forgotten our existence and ignored our natural rights. But this we feel is prejudice, and the pang of our approaching dissolution is eased by the thought our places will be so soon and naturally filled by these more stalwart manly forms. So welcome, King Arthur, to all that Nature can offer; welcome, ye noble knights, to every trophy that she can give. When we are gone, may your memories of us be as happy as your thoughtfulness has made our lives.

To the Sophomores. And close in Arthur's wake we see, following, the little gnome. Every observer knows with what persistency he digs, with what noble results his efforts are rewarded. Proud and pleased is Nature to-day that you should have emerged from your industrious depths to grace the upper world. She rejoices in whatever degree of success has thus far attended your efforts and promises to seek to further your search for treasure whether above or below ground.

To the '95's. Here we see, too, obeying Nature's call, a sweet band of youthful choir-girls. Nature has a music of her own, but she listens the more gladly to the sound of human voices. And these tuneful maidens, tho' very young, must have ere this discovered that since they can make music in the world their welcome is assured. So long as harmony and not discord is what you seek, all hearts must gladden at your coming, and Nature, too, gladly gives her welcome.

To the Freshmen. But we must make haste to turn to our great crew of jolly sailors, perhaps already impatient at such an unusual period of inattention. Tho' Wellesley has known you but a few short months she has already confident hopes for your success. With such a wise and careful pilot as you have known this year, no wonder that you have safely passed the shoals and started well upon your voyage. Another might find somewhat to wish altered but it is surely not in Nature's heart to chide for a disregard of conventionality, for thoughtlessness or playful gamboling. You appreciate Nature she is sure, and she has already shown her tenderness for you. Remember it in the years that come when the waters over which you sail shall have become billowy and rough and the favoring gale has turned to a cruel northeaster. As your bark sets out another is coming into port. Would that its crew could warn you against all the rocks and reefs it has seen! But only Experience can teach you those. Nature pauses with a welcoming word to-day.

But no, not only that. During the past four years of storm and sunshine, the green of growth has sometimes ripened into the red of achievement. The mature red of the Past, the growing green of the Present, the black mystery of the unknown Future; these can Nature show, for the benefit of the coming race, for the encouragement of the present, for the inspiration of the departing.

Then come forth, Past, in thy ripe red of achievement, and with thee, let our eyes turn back in the memories of ends attained. Slight, perhaps, thy success, but none the less has thy effort been earnest and sincere.

Sara Elizabeth Stewart.

INTERPRETATION OF THE PAST.

I am a relic. I feel that "I have lived to be the last leaf upon the tree in Spring." In the midst of the brilliant rich foliage of the present, in the midst of the delicate yet vivid verdure of the future rising in aspiration into the black mystery of the dark unknown above it, I stand alone: the representative of the past,—of labor accomplished, of fruits gathered; the red symbol of harvest-time. But the last leaf upon the tree, shaken by the wind of memory, has a word to whisper of days that it has seen.

I grew on a campus of Knowledge in the soil of Intellect. The tree on which I grew, a red birch, when first it appeared above the soil as a mere shoot, was remarkable for nothing so much as its sombre and neutral, though not exactly dull, color; but that the shoot was alive was proved by its freshness. About me grew three other trees which all seemed desirous of sheltering me. There was the tall strong elm of Eighty-eight, to which I gave great reverence; then there was the dainty graceful tulip-tree of Eighty-nine, to which I gave admiration; and finally there was the maple of Ninety, genial and beneficent, for which I came to have a most sisterly regard.

One by one these monarchs of the forest were transplanted to another soil. In the meantime I was making a desperate struggle to grow. My first-year's growth was very steady and even: I paid strict attention to the business of self-development. About mid-year I had a chill. The attack was in many ways peculiar. I was taken with a fever in the first place,—a violent fever of excitement,—and though the thermometer—and some other things—were at the zero mark, I found it impossible to keep cool. After an examination by several learned and competent professors, my fever abated, and in a wonderfully short time I found myself frozen stiff, surely in an unenviable condition. After a time I recovered myself, and for the rest of the year grew harder than ever, determined that my general good health should ward off any further disease. And so that year of quiet conscientious growth passed. I have always thought that the time given to roots—Greek, Latin, and otherwise—gave me a strength on which I have since relied.

The next year—well, perhaps I would best pass over the next year in silence. Enough has been said when I mention that I followed the old traditions and standards for second year's growth, and lived up to the watchword Sophomore.

In my third year I began to branch out in all directions. It was then that the tree of Ninety-one began to have much social whispering and rustling among its leaves; I came to have more stamina; and I took on a distinctively red and festive color. But, sad to relate, so dissipated did I become that, as I was told, I did not give time and thought enough to my physical welfare, and was compelled to take a course of electric treatment at the prescription of Sylvanus Thompson, Doctor of Physics. The treatment was too severe: charged with electric currents I was nearly overthrown. I entered into fierce conflict with Mr. Thompson. Shocked beyond saturation, my leaves standing on end, I had one final test of strength with the learned fiend; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him laid low in a grave before me, while an inverse current of joy thrilled through my every fibre.

And now I have come to the fourth year of growth. I need say little of this year: it is so fresh in the minds of you all. I know that you do not need to be told how tall I have grown, and what a generally dignified appearance I bear. But lest I should be questioned, and be obliged to point out just what this dignity consists in and where it shows itself, I hastily leave the subject, and turn to tell you what I have seen in these four years of the growth about and beneath me. I would not lose the opportunity of making some observations and suggestions before I am transplanted to another soil.

Swinging on the bough of learning I have been observing for the last three years a growth of clover springing up near me. In its growth this clover has shown most peculiar tendencies: like nothing else that I have ever seen in vegetation. After agitating myself some time about it and trying to find the law that governs it, I have come to the conclusion that the growth of this plant is a freak of nature. Let me illustrate.

In the first year of its appearance this clover seemed determined to blossom itself to death. It was a most gay and festive plant. And so little attention did it give to general thriftiness that many of its worthless leaves had to be plucked. It grew entirely to flower, even—even in its class meetings.

In its second year, as I was told last June, in the place for the clover-growth there was absolutely nothing.

But this year, marvelous to relate, has sprung up a most perfect growth: physically remarkable, devoted to law and order, a lover of light, and of magnetic personality. So much so that this clover prefers a simple Garden Party, where communion with Nature is the chief attraction, to the elaborate and artificial Junior Promenade; and so perfect is the discipline and order of this plant that there is not the slightest danger that to its festivities there will be anyone "invited by mistake."

And now, Ninety-two, we wish to give you a little warning and advice, and we trust that you will not reject it, though once you thought you were being hazed when we sought to show you becoming and conventional attention in sending you our class flower, which, without doubt, is green. At this time we would give you the advice of a sister rather than of a superior.

You are fast approaching the fourth year of your growth, the year of awful and weighty responsibility,—and of privilege, too, if enough of one's boughs and branches remain without being broken down to enjoy the privilege. One of the privileges is Philosophy. In this study you will learn one lesson that will take more than two periods. The world of stable equilibrium, ruled by physical law, upon which this year you have built a sure foundation, will take on a most unsteady appearance; you will hear it asserted to be a creation of your own sensations, and you will discover, to your wonder and dismay, that it is impossible to prove that life is not a dream. But take heart! You will find it just as easy to float about in space as to stand on *terra firma*.

There are some equipments necessary for a Senior, and these we have deemed fit to bequeath you. Our first bequest is conventional: it is the Senior Parlor. You may wonder what earthly use you will make of this gift; but experience will teach you that, once in a great while, it really can be used to advantage for com-

mittee meetings, provided you don't mind if the whole College knows your business.

Our second bequest is less tangible, but far more needed in your case. It is a large supply of the gas called class-spirit, of which you know we have enough and to spare. You will find it distributed profusely among the members of Ninety-one: maybe you will persuade some Ninety-one girl to give it up, but I doubt it.

And so, Ninety-two, hoping that you will profit by our suggestions, we leave you now—in clover.

Rocked on the tree-top of the red birch one night in summer, while I was resting, I had a dream. I dreamt that there had sprung up near me a most beautiful bed of pansies, large and graceful; each pansy represented a human face and each face was for thoughts; golden and purple and brilliant of hue was this lovely bed of pansies. Fall came, and I found that my dream was not all a dream; for there did grow up near me a bed of pansies. But what a disappointment I had! For the pansies were small and meager and sombre; and instead of being brilliant and varied and gay, they were—alas! to say it—they were stunted. The pansy-plants, as I examined them, were green and flourishing; but their development was entirely turned to leaves,—nothing but leaves.

But, Ninety-three, though you may not have developed the flower of sociability, you have developed in many other ways. The thoughtful faces that I saw in my dream of the pansies, I see before me now. There has always been a quiet thoughtfulness and modesty abont you worthy of emulation. To Ninety-one you have given that respect and consideration which we as Seniors have stood in great danger of wanting from your younger sister. To us you have truly been our hearts-ease. The roots which you have thrust far down into the soil of Knowledge, and with which you cling tenaciously to the rock of Thought, insure your future growth. To prove her affection for you, Ninety-one entrusts to you that sacred charge, the care of her class tree. I don't think it will trouble you much. It shows a characteristic independence and unflinching determination to grow. You may have wondered why we didn't invite you to sit under its spreading branches to-day. Let me tell you, it was wholly on account of the weather. Though it is warm, we were afraid that in such a dense shade as that tree casts there might be danger of catching cold.

And we bequeath you, furthermore, that thing of which we are most proud and fond—however much foundation there may be for our pride—namely, our brilliant ideas. They are almost exhausted now, caused by pressure of work, but what there are left you may obtain by applying to our Tree Day Committee. These ideas are very flitting and illusive, so that you would best secure them as soon as possible; and don't expose them to the air, lest they evaporate.

On the top of Ninety-one's tree I have sat and looked down upon a growth of nasturtiums near me. I said "looked down," but that is hardly true; for these nasturtiums are running or climbing nasturtiums. They have run through the pansy-bed of Ninety-three; they have crept in among the clover; they have even tried to climb to the height of my topmost branches and absorb my very vitality and greenness. They spread about everywhere: everything has to make way for them, even the frogs in Longfellow. In fact, to put it plainly, this growth is decidedly rank.

They grew in such numbers in the Fall of '90 that they filled the beds prepared for them to overflowing, and then demanded that not only Nature but Art also make way for them, even to the sacrifice of the Art Building. Early in the fall and again in the winter the overseers had to weed out great numbeas of them. Now there are not quite so many, though they still seem to want the earth. Pardon me, there is one place that they do not claim and where they are only found in small numbers, and that is the vicinity of the Chapel.

Ninety-four, we have a few points to give you. In the first place, if you will take out your note-books, I'll give you a reference. Turn to Webster's Dictionary; toward the end you will find S-i-l-e-n-t with its definition, which you can afford to study. Then a second bit of advice is concerning societies. Remember that the societies are not very large, and don't plan, I wouldn't if I were you, to join a society in a body larger than twenty-five, because there might be a possibility of your not getting in. Then be careful about abreviations. Lit. and Hist. aad Gym. may be all very well in themselves; but in speaking of the director of our gymnasium it may convey a wrong impression to call her "Miss Gym. Hill."

We feel sure that you will pardon us for speaking thus freely to you. It is because you are Freshmen and because we are so much interested in you that we do it. And it is just because you are charming and brilliant nasturtiums that these dangers lie about you.

And now, we have some bequests to make to you. First, we give you our Freshman humility which you will find left somewhere near the threshold of our Junior year. Our second bequest proves more than anything else could our fondness for Ninety-four: we give you a boat, our boat and Eighty-eight's,—what can we give you more?

Some tiny shoots have come up out of the ground near the foot of Ninety-one's tree. At first one needed a spy-glass to detect them, but now they are springing up smartly like—well, like little up-starts. Our

advice to you Ninety-five, is to vegetate: at present that is your sole mission on earth.

All through the existence of Ninety-One's tree, there has been about us a quantity of evergreen. We can't tell about the Specials, because we don't remember when it began, and because it will far outlast us; we only know that it is everlasting. Our message to you, Specials, we make with assurance and fervor, "Long live the Special class!"

We have recalled our past to you, O Wellesley girls, hoping that you may learn thereby. You who are in the spring of your growth, you who are in—well, you're in that nameless, unaccountable, Sophomore season, somewhere, nobody knows exactly where, between spring and summer—and you who are in the summer of your growth, may you all profit by the growth of Ninety-one, who has reached her autumn. Avoid our false growth. Emulate our true growth. And may you all reach a full development and a harvest-time rich in fruits.

We thank our teachers, our wise cultivators, for the care which they have bestowed upon the tree of Ninety-one. And if in the process of pruning and grafting, we have shown a disposition to do our own cutting, forgive us, and believe we have purposed well.

Our past is over—perhaps I'd better not be too sure of that; for we measure our height by degrees, and we havn't yet quite reached the degree B. A. We may not live the past again in actual life, but we shall live it forever in memory. To Ninety-one it is a dear and sacred thing. In spite of failures and mistakes, it bears the record of loyal friendships, earnest work, true purposes.

"From the wreck of the past which hath perished
This much, I, at least may recall:
That what I most fondly have cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all."

Every heart in Ninety-one beats with love for our class, and every heart echoes the vow that she shall never, never be forgot.

But I feel myself crumbling away and disappearing from sight, for already I am Past.

Mary Elizabeth Wardwell.

PROBLEMS OF THE PRESENT.

Action is better than remembrance, and the time of action is upon us. We must leave behind us that idealizing power which is a real blessing when we smile at forgotten follies and the sorrows even of another time seem glad. For one brief moment we must look our college problems fairly in the face, and ask them whither they are tending. For, from above the unaccustomed garb to-day has sanctioned, real human eyes are looking, and I believe they bring to meet me the generous spirit of the knight, the patient wisdom of the gnome, and the loyal good-will of the sailor.

Wise men often tell us, not what a man says, not what a man does, but what he is tells on the world. On what our college is, depends her honor and the value of her work, and what she is depends on us. What we are, she will be. Our strength is hers, our weakness makes her weak. If she falls short of our ideals, the blame must largely rest with us. Our problems then are hers, the least even as the greatest. I can only formulate the most pressing of these problems. It is for you to solve and change them. The worth of a life may be measured by its ideals. I shall endeavor to show you our present ideals of the two essential sides of college life, the social and the individual. I shall ask you if these ideals need to change, and then my task is done.

Our social relations are those of class to class, of student to student, and of the students to the members of the faculty. As class to class they are not prominent, and can admit of little beside the hearty sympathy with which we have always met. But are the friendships of our college life the power we would have them? They may mean so much, they may mean so little. Here and now, for any one of us there may be formed a friendship such as that which sixty years ago had "mastered time." Here and now we may forever lose it. As our ideal is high we gain or lose our friend. We waste ourselves on many books, and gain but little good from any; we waste ourselves on many friends, and lose the very essence of the best one. Only he who can live contentedly alone can live in happiness with someone else. The gregarious instinct is a herding instinct after all. Our best friends come by accident; it does not logically follow that all our accidental companions must be our friends. Would that the ideal of friendship might be lifted high, and so its realization brought up higher. Its foundations must be laid on something deeper far than superficial contact, and a love of fun. We all know this. Our action ceases sometimes where our knowledge just begins.

Coming in contact witn the members of two classes, faculty and students, do our relations with

either develop the strength and sincerity which true scholarliness demands? Students of history know the fatal results of mingling two free but distinct races in the same state. The race problem of the South is the puzzle of the wisest. Yet here in our midst is a problem of as strange a dye. For there move among us, eating at the same tables, walking in the same corridors, rowing in the same boats, nay, even at times sitting in the same chapel, beings of another race than ours. They are with us but not of us. We are our own, and yet theirs. To the superficial ear they speak the same language. To the superficial eye they wear the same garb. Yet between us seems a great gulf fixed. Individuals have sometimes entered that gulf, and unlike Curtius' it has closed not upon them, but beneath, and they have thought it a fiction of the mind, since the women on the one side are but older girls, and the girls upon the other are but younger women. And among those for whom this gulf exists, there is strange diversity of opinion as to the character of this race. To some it seems a natural police system; to others, a natural aristocracy, whose rights are vested in the Academic Council and whose word is law. Others still regard it as a natural curiosity—veiled from undergraduate eyes, but of exceeding interest. And to some of us, the members of this race seem but more skilful searchers for that same wisdom unto which we all aspire. They can guide us, they can inspire us, in the ways of sound scholarship, and of upright life. They cannot fight our battles for us. They cannot guard us from the dangers of our battles. They can give us much. It is but fair we should give them something. We know their opinions; do we frankly give them ours? Perhaps it is inevitable in a large community of women that there should be lack of plain-spoken truth. Evolution has not as yet eradicated compliment and indirectness from woman's nature. A proportion of men professors might remedy the evil, but surely before their advent we may prove our womanhood by recognizing that this difference is imaginary. The Faculty expect much of us; we have a right to expect much of them; but we must take care to expect that which is desirable. One the one hand, a worship of mere personality is as weakening to the worshipper as it is, or should be, distasteful to the worshiped. On the other, respect that is based upon position, rather than upon the character and sound work of its incumbent is the very essence of disrespect. They are our leaders in a great campaign. Shall we as girls admire, or as women honor them? In the spirit of a soldier, I would say, as we respect ourselves, let us respect the Faculty; as we are sincere with our class mate, let us be sincere with them; as we honor nobility in the one, let us honor it in the other. The world without is not divided upon arbitrary lines. We have inherited or created them within. Let us blot them out.

We turn now to the individual side of college life. That our average scholarship lacks breadth of thought and depth of insight, we do not need to hear from Faculty or Alumnæ. Observation tells us this, from day to day; just now we seek its causes. Many of us gain from Preparatory and High School training but scant ideas of scholarly work. We bring to college, not a masterful desire to know some subject, heart and soul and mind of us, but rather an amiable intention to win the respect of our teachers by reasonable labor on our daily lessons. In the class-room our whole souls are concentrated upon concealing our ignorance and exhibiting our learning. It was intended for a training-ground; we would use it as an exhibition. It takes some time under these conditions to develop independence of thought, and freedom of expression. I leave it to you how many of us have passed through more than half our course before we know the inspiration of work done for its own sake.

We want the girls of scholarly instinct. We must hope the day will come when few but such can gain admittance. Quality is what our college needs, and numbers sometimes impede her progress. You will say, and rightly, this matter does not rest with you. Fortunately for the college, it rests with a far wiser body. Yet, so far as you have not thought it out and frankly told your real opinion, are you not responsible for any question, vital in college life?

We want the girls who will think rather than imbibe. Shall we wish that the entrance age be raised? Do we think the girls of seventeen, or the girls of nineteen, can get and give the more?

And the girls of scholarly instinct, of independant thought, must she not give herself the time to think? Is it not a vain and useless endeavor for her to attempt equally good work in every branch? It is a feminine virtue to seek perfection of detail. In the sixteen periods of an ordinary girl, this virtue becomes a feminine weakness. Emphasis will be differently laid by each individual, but emphasis there must be to bring about affective results. The mental development that comes from the mastery of one subject, more than compensates for the loss of detail in another. You may not seem to gain the whole world, but you save your own soul. "Learning, that marble image, warms into life, not at the toil of the chisel, but at the workship of the sculptor. The mechanical workman finds but voiceless stone."

Again and again we have been warned, from within and from without, that the end and aim of our beloved college is not intellect but character. There is not one of her daughters who would wish to see her send forth intellect without character. I most solemnly trust there is not one who would wish her to see her send forth character without intellect. Nor can she do it. For the two are partially synonymous. Yet in this they differ. Wherever human life is found, strong and beautiful character may develop. Only amid such surroundings as we have here, can most of us attain a sound and vigorous learning—that learning, which when won, is worth so little save as it is sublimated to a higher wisdom, but which must be won through love, and not for conscience's nor ambition's sake. College life must act and react on the college girl. Four years in any place at twenty may make or mar a life. But no girl comes to Wellesley to acquire a character. She brings one with her which will expand and change beneath the influence of her work. She is to go forth and take a wise and liberal view of life, to meet the world in a spirit at once catholic and decided, strong and tender. If she has gone beneath the surface of her work, if it has meant to her not work, but life, if she has accepted its presentation with questionings, sincere but reverential, she has laid some permanent foundation for that outside world. Four years of study seem a long prelude to life. Yet when they are ended the time of study is but just begun, and we have barely learned our ignorance.

Why not make these years then life itself, in a very vital sense? Into our life-work we hope to put interest, devotion, and enthusiasm. A genuine measure of these same qualities will enlarge and glorify the college life from which we seek to gain a scholarly habit of mind—that habit which fosters truth, and the constant effort for exact truth, in thought, word, and deed. Though our college life still seem but the vestibule of the temple we would rear, its proportions will be worthier of that which it foreshadows.

Strong, and grave, and tender, the fostering mother stands above us. We love her very stones beneath our feet. Four years of crowding memories fill our hearts. She stands eternal in our lives as the Summer sunshine lighting up her ivy, as the Summer sunset shadowed in her lake. With our whole souls we love and honor her, and from our love we speak. Mere words are idle things; they may beautify the past, they may glorify the future. They can but reveal the present as through a glass, darkly. Yet so far as we are able we would speak the truth, believing that it should be spoken. From the depths of our own foolishness we see the dawning of a wiser day. From the bitterness of our own blunders we turn to your success. We are gaining the secret of eternity, our present is the eternal now.

Alice A. Stevens.

THE QUESTION OF THE FUTURE.

CLASS-MATES:

A day, a night, a dream. Nearly four years are told. Time in its turning has brought the hour in which we thought to survey with some satisfaction what lies behind us. With the old Babylonian king, we perhaps thought to assert,—"Is not this at least small Babylon which I have built?" But the day does not find us where we had hoped. The building of the city has at the most been little,—that little, not as we had planned. Or it may be that we can detect no change in the work, and that we are still trying to strengthen the lowest foundations. There are, in either case, no towers as yet, and the prospect of finishing the work is

far beyond our furthest vision. Is, then, the attempt entirely futile,—the vision of completeness seen in vain? Turn from the city and look out upon Nature. For the city's outer wall is close to Nature's inner meaning, and a fern in its unfolding may suggest the question's answer.

A fern, a life, a growth. Is the growth far-reaching? Is it all-inclusive? Does it bring near the thing remote, and show in a future fruition the sacred near thing? Could one principle thus affect our perception of never-changing relations, a recognized embodiment of that principle in our lives would be of inappreciable value in entering upon life-work. "We know not what shall succeed" today, but throughout life, of which we hear so much and know so little, there will ever be the possibility of endeavoring to conform to the royal requirements of the law of development. In this zealous conformity, work and thought will be found among the essentials. In these two essentials, a further reach of aspiration will always be found, for there is a never-ending possibility of growth, and this will be realized in growth through work and growth through thought.

Many of us are thinking of the beginning of work in a practical way. With hesitancy, yet with a courageous expectancy do we look forward toward untried paths and hope to enter in, or toward the trodden paths, which may be found by us to lead to undreamed goals. Do we, then, think to be creative powers in an age of conflicting forces? Do we think to enter the fields of science and pick out fresh specimens hitherto seen by no one? Do we look forward ten years and see ourselves making abstract truths concrete for others, and art that is old, new for the world's eyes? Is it our dream to make straight the crooked paths, the reason of whose zig-zags we arrogantly imagine ourselves even now somewhat to understand? If we expect to see this realized and to know that we see it, we fail at the outset and may know that we fail. Let us not consider for an instant that we shall increase the length or breadth or height of the world, by the results of our ambitions, by the perfecting of our schemes. These world-measurements are far too vast to be preceptibly altered by our stretching and straining. Keep self-importance reduced to its simplest terms, and its weight will not be found oppressing. Why, then, does a glimpse of something beyond still beckon us forward, if nothing is to be gained? Arrogance of judgment again, if we hold this "nothing" to be true.

In our short-sightedness can we give judgment, and pronounce nothing something or something nothing? Reality is hard to find, but surely a consciousness of work accomplished is the smallest factor in the actual result. Can the individual member of an organism appreciate the effect of its movement upon the movement of the whole? Can a man foresee that a thought which he has uttered will impel men years after the thought is spoken? The individual may not recognize his part in the organism, but the organism is, nervetheless, changed, and changed in part by him. True to modern science was the old philosophic doctrine of "becoming." Successive moments with their varying contents bring the organism into new relations, and perpetually prophecy a new issue. Therefore it cannot with truth be said of man that he is, unless one adds "to be." At this point of uncertainty is the starting point of certainty. Were it not for this becoming, man never would be. And it is because of this possibility of an onward movement that we we may dare work along small lines seemingly detached, lines of which we cannot know the significance.

On some one of these lines we shall soon be working, for the work of the world lies near. But let us not demand that it shall meet us where we thought, and that we shall understand it. For of whatever else in regard to it we are not sure, we may know at least that the world's work will not be what we expect. It may be that new development in art, in science, in literature, will demand our response. It may be that we shall meet face to face with social problems, and in seeking their solution, we may find that to share our goods in common will be not our privilege but our necessity. It may be that our part will be to sit at a distance and watch all works crawl forward, while our reaching fingers cannot touch. Yet even here, a something may result from a series of estimated nothings. For to remain in a place where cherished plans must be laid aside, where scientific

or literary projects must give way to an undesired work of entertaining or simply of living in a home,—thus to live when college days are over may be to attain a growth now thought impossible, to reach a height now thought too high. How, then, dare man pronounce judgment upon his own work or that of another, when the beginning of the work is not clearly seen, and the end is far beyond the hope of an end? The world of the fern and the flower reveals a toil steady and onward. Shall man in his striving forget that he, too, is a part of this world?

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not through eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

Since, then, we know only in part and see in part' let us await the desired end through the performance of practical means. In the professions which we may enter, in the homes to which we may go, let this principle of an actual growth through work ever remain with us and be the guide of practical moments.

But let it not be forgotten that work, except as the direct expression of thought, is unworthy the name "work." The sculptor may mechanically chisel a form from his marble, or he may find his own thought imprisoned there. Would that we might always keep before us an ideal of hard thinking! The time has past when it was true that men were afraid to think. Today, the value of genuine, individual thought is recognized, but the time for thinking seems often to be wanting. Then,too,the word is often misapplied. There is an idle yearning into the future and one thinks what one thinks. But such thinking has never swayed the world. It is true that honest thinking is usually the hardest of work, but the genuine thinkers of history have ever been the world's movers, although they have seldom seen the force with which their own movements were being impelled.

In the artistic and literary world to-day there is a demand above all for thought which is genuine. New modes of expression in art and literature are continually being revealed, and these modes need strengthening. The study of beauty for beauty's sake,—the literary life undertaken for its literary value alone,—these are no mean ends, and if pursued with the idea of expressing genuine thought will possibly widen the fields of art and literature. A lover of life's beauty has written:

"I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was laid
In an adjoining room.
He questioned softly why I failed?
"For beauty," I replied;
"And I for truth, the two are one,
We brethren are," he said.

The truth of art is one to be earnestly sought, and genuine seekers are still comparatively few. But art and literature alone may not demand our thought.

There was a man of England who was a poet, and wrote his dreams of a land in an "Earthly Paradise" full of sunshine and light. But the beauty of the land was not made manifest to William Morris, until he turned his dreams into literal thoughts of an earth by no means a paradise, but the enforced home of the poor man. In studying out hard problems of factory-life, in thinking out the causes for certain social difficulties, and in endeavoring to alter the conditions of which they were the result, has this poet-worker been enabled to see his longed-for paradise in a clearer although a different light.

For a long time men tried to meet the world's needs from their purses, not from their brains, because it was obviously far simpler to give money than consideration. To-day, the labor question, the problem of education, the tenement house

problem demand that mind shall co-operate with money in presenting any satisfactory solution. The work by the hands will prove ineffectual unless the thought directs. It is practical thinking of this kind that has given to London a Toynbee Hall, and has established in New York a College Settlement.

It has taken several centuries for the world to revolve from the idea of a community of interests, through the phase of the idea of individualism and back again to this old communistic idea in a new world. But in France, in Germany, in England, in America men are now seriously considering problems which, by reason of their socialistic tendencies, cannot fail to affect the whole foundation as well as superstructure of society. It will soon be required of every one to give a reason for the faith that is in him in regard to this question of Socialism, and many kindred with it. For the issues involved in today's conflict are great, and well worth a battle of work and thought. The times are heroic, for man is seriously thinking of the meaning of mankind. The great is found to be near. The small is seen to contain the remote. The perfect begins in the incomplete. *E'is kalon kai a'gathon.* Accept the words in their fresh meaning, and enter the lists to engage in work through thought and thought through work; and take hold of the gloriously significant realities of life, work and thought, which show themselves today. Toward the fields of truth our leaders in thought have guided us during four years, but let us remember that as yet our thought is only begun. To think and work for the truth of small or great things is not easy. But if someday the reality of truth be found, will not the struggle of thought and work be then estimated aright?

A tree lets fall a long shadow over the grass. If one steps upon the end of the shadow, and walks on it towards the tree, the shadow is found to grow even darker, the nearer one comes to the tree. And the angle at which tree and shadow join is darkest of all. From shadow to substance! Perhaps the shadow of truth will lead to a reality, which though firm may prove dark at the base. But the tree-top finds itself in light. If truth be dark now—clear light may be beyond.

Bertha Palmer.

ORATION.

"Ladies" of the Senior Class, and College-mates:

In the world of nature, science and art, we find objects, powers and contrivances represented by symbols. '94, being an object for admiration, a power for good, and a contrivance, that is, that which has been brought together by certified plan, for mutual benefit would declare unto you the symbols by which you may recognize her, become acquainted with her tastes, and learn of her virtues and high aims.

Were we to deal with symbols alone, and announce to you that W_2 I L_2 O represented '94 from an ethical standpoint, you would probably suspect that we ourselves were in a chemical mixture; but expand that member of the equation, and W_2 I L_2 O = Willow; making this a compound, we have the Silver Willow (*Salix Regalis.*)

It originated in the East—I think likely in the Garden of Eden—and was carried westward by the tide of civilization; the Sophomores please here remember that "it floats by the same laws of specific gravity and equilibrium" as this ship built by Mr. Crawford at enormous expense. Its wood is one of the most useful, being easily bent; easily bent, but always bent to a purpose, therefore purposeful; and, if "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," we each adopt a bent for learning, or for the cultivation of a certain talent, good it is that we were bent that way; for thereby, we show that discriminating wisdom which will best guide us throughout life.

Its foliage shows to you our colors, the green and silver. You will see that '94 is here well represented. The green speaking to you of life, and vigor and growth and meaning, besides, not *dry*. The silver, known technically as a white metallic element, malleable and ductile and capable of a high polish. Now, "malleable" does not necessarily mean "easily wrought up" nor "wrought upon," nor though more nearly correct do we give it the meaning "easily worked." But deeper and more true, more applicable, also, is the meaning of the term ductile: "capable of being drawn out and shaped." I beg you note, also, that the polish is attained by grinding.

Then, do we turn for spice in life, we find it in

our class flower. How often has its little face uplifted, cheered our hearts and brightened our thoughts! It is a climber like ourselves! We do not forget that the familiar sight of it when first we came to Wellesley, has given us a joy in its vigorous beauty. Its name, Tropæum, signifying "a trophy," is given it on account of the resemblance of its leaf to a shield and that of the flower to an empty helmet.

A trophy is the sign of something overcome; the sign of past conflict changed to present victory. There is no one of us, who does not turn with half-mournful glance to the contemplation of her days of failure; to her battles with a force, it may have been chemical, mathematical, physical or spiritual, which threatened to overcome her; to her struggles against unworthy cowardice; but there is no one of us, today, who may not wear her class flower proudly upon her breast, knowing that its emblems of victory are for her; for strength grows from weakness overcome; what we are happiest in now possessing is that for which we have struggled hardest. If we but keep this in mind, we shall never wear our class flower dishonorably, but, in its presence, draw from it hope and determination.

Our motto, source of inspiration, pointing out the way, bids us "Doe ye Nexte Thynge." It bespeaks an earnest conscientiousness in our lives. It warns us against dull complaining and against growing weary. It helps us to "wisely improve the present" and to look trustingly into the future. Following its dictates makes life a tranquil harmony. All this it does for us, because it says, do not worry about things to come but do the work that's nearest. Our motto, then, commands us to go on, step by step, through sunshine and storm, bearing in mind that the clouds have their silver lining, and oftenest, when those clouds have spent themselves, their work has left the meadows, over which they hung, green with growing life.

And now, diminutive child of Nature, I have a few words of advice to give unto thee. It would well become thee to — go through a course of *sprouts*, if thou woulds't become to '94 so true an emblem of strength and growth. But be prudent, be careful; do not effervesce too much. Let thy whispers come from the region of the affections. Be not so vain as to wear out thy mossy carpet, as did one Junior, by looking into thy mirror. And, in study, close the leaves of thy book of Nature, promptly at ten. Grow and wax strong, and show thyself to be not of the weeping nor the pining kind.

And now, with these, our colors and our blossoms, do we claim thee for our own. Grow up into stately beauty. Unfold thy green and silver to the sunshine and breezes about thee, and teach us usefulness and strength and high aspiration for the attainment of our ideal, and let us ever grow nearer it, as it grows dearer to us, by the doing of "Ye Nexte Thynge."

Sarah Smith Hickenlooper, '94.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

Oh sun, that shins't alike on good and ill—
On Ninety-three and on young Ninety-four!
Oh moon, that now thy crescent horns dost fill,
And waxest brighter, growing more and more!

Stars that are dim above me, lately bright,
Such as are wont to be our tired minds;
Sky that dost hold them all and catch their light,
And ye who rush among them, mighty winds;

Earth firm below, clouds that on high do pass,
Planets and satellites, all powers of air,
Comets of wierd and awful fiery mass,
Zodiac light and meteors—beware!

Stand in your orbits! listen to my lay!
Oh Nature, hearken to my piteous tale!
Hear me, ye flowers—oh, fernleaf, clover, say!
Has pansy heartsease for so sad a wail?

Be witness to my words and prove them right,
For truth I speak, although so strange its trend!
Hear the mishaps of an unlucky wight,
And listen, patient, to the story's end!

In the dark centre
Of the wonderful earth-sphere,
Hidden from eyesight,
Where no man doth enter,
Deep in the dim light,
Far in a dark dome
The glow-worms give day-light,
Who bide night and day here.

List ! you will hear it—
The sounding of metals,
The chipping of hard rock,
The fall of the stone block.
Let us come near it !
Away from the sun-light,
Away from the star-light,
Away from the moon-light.
No flowers lift their petals,
No trees leaf in Spring there ;
The weight of the earth-care
Presses them down here ;
Fearfully dark and drear
Who can make this their home?
Your eyes are not clear yet—
Watch in the twilight !
A figure is half seen,
Short, bent and thick-set ;
Flashing his eyes glow,
Turn they to usward,
Turn they to upward ;
What do they see—
You and me? is it we?
Do you catch the gleam
By the worm's dim beam?
Evil is it and keen,
Wicked, I ween.

Here countless ages
Work they at mining,
The metals refining,
The gold ore refining.
To-day and to-morrow.
Work they without ceasing,—
Work they without wages,—
They have no releasing ;
Struggling and toil-bound,
In care and in sorrow ;
Nor feel they relenting,
Nor hear we the soft sound—
The cry of repenting.
Forever, forever,
As long as the fierce blasts
Sweep over their mountain,
As long as the world lasts,
Unless they should soften,
And often and often
Should drink of the fountain
Of pity, and weep there—
Bound there forever.
Bound their endeavor
Because of the dark air.
They speak not, they rest not
By day-time, by night-time,
For Fate drives their axes
In work-time, and taxes
Their brains, that, when light-time
Is ended, and slumber
Their worn limbs relaxes,
Then dreams without number
Steal from them their midnight,
And wake them, nor leave them,
Still never reprieve them.
Thus live they, nor die they,
But endlessly labor ;
Still groan they and sigh they
For end to their labor,
For end to their trouble,
Yet, double and double
Increases their sad time,
Nor have they a glad time.

Fair I was and eager hearted,
  Fresh as budding lilies too ;
Yet I'll trust the shades departed
  I was not so fresh as you !

Lightly tripped I o'er the meadow,
  One short twelve-month now ago ;
Careless, walked into the shadow—
  How was I, so young, to know?

I, a child of unknown nation,
  Told by fate for future fame,
Wandering from that fair creation,
  Hitherward, ambitious, came.

High my longing and ideal,
  Quick my fevered brain did whirl ;
Now I see the true, the real,—
  I am not a little girl.

Short the time of my deceiving,
  Short, too short, my summer's dream ;
Longer, I had not been grieving
  That things are not what they seem.

By this other race enchanted
  Seized in all my beauty's youth,
Carried to the land once haunted
  By the laborers for the truth.

By the gnomes, the cruel handed;
There to serve them, wait their will;
All their evil forces banded
Ever sure to work me ill.
Suffered I, and toiled for foemen,
Nor could mitigate my grief
Till, one day, a happy omen
Whispered me a chance relief.

Where the heavy boulders lower,
In a ray of glow worm light,
Lay a sweet nasturtium flower
Turning up its petals bright.

How it came it never told me,
But it lay there at my feet—,
Whispered "Pick me up, and hold me
Till I tell my secret sweet!"

It told me gently of the cruel spell
That cast o'er me such sorrow and such grief,
And then the remedy began to tell
By which there surely could be found relief.

I listened till the tale was ended quite;
Then, with the blossom close upon my heart,
Out from the shades of never ending night,
From all those hideous fiends fore'er to part,

I hastened on; and here I find my rest,
For, near before me, stands my ransom fair
Waiting with eager eyes and reckless zest,
To seize the spell which yet I humbly bear.

In you, oh Ninety-four, we, Ninety-three,
Find once again the freedom we had lost;
With this dark spell our weighty shadows flee,
And all the troubles that our days have tossed.

Take then this spade, a legacy of old,
From countless ages hitherto descended,
'Twill bring you woes and joys, unknown, untold
But you will thank us when this year is ended

Go to the dark place
Where once we came from!
Visit the dark race
In the deep earth gloom!
Fiends ever bother you,
Many and drearful,
Cares ever trouble you,
Worried and tearful.
Sines, Mathematics,
$H_2 SO_4$,
Grinding and mind-sore,
Over your books you pore.
All the Judaic Kings,
Peripatetics,
Essays and dreadful things,
Chemical compounds,
Greek prose and tenses
Frighten your senses;
While yet unknown sounds
Come up from lower grounds.
Yet fear not and shrink not
Though cruel their faces,
For sometimes much kindness,
And often much goodness
Come forth where you think not.
Though cheered not by praises
You dig, dig, dig,
And they wave their spades
On their daily raids,
Yet dig, dig, dig,
For jewels you'll find
Many and precious,
Till the gnomes grow more gracious
And lighten your labor,—
Regard you with favor—
Though close the laws bind.

So now to you, oh trustful Ninety-four,
To you we give this spade in token true!
As it has guided us the year before,
So let it guard and guidance give to you!

One word of warning lest you should mistake,
Think not it raises you to higher sphere,
Nor has, in any way, the power to break
The dull monotony of Sophomore year.

Because the slowness of the coming months
Can quickened by no earthly medium be;
Because again, the place you stand in now
You deem about as high as one can see.

No haughty Seniors lift your weight of care,
No Juniors patronize and help you o'er,
No Sophomores refrain from hazing there—
And smile on you, and aid in ways a score.

Ignored, unnoticed pass you ever on,
An even tenor all throughout doth hold;
Yet calmly move along as we have done—
Follow the footsteps of the White and Gold!

Bertha DeForest Brush, '93.

RECEPTION OF THE SPADE.

Come, O friends! and hear the story
How the Crew of '94,
Seeking fame and future glory,
Braved the storm and tempest's roar;
Came with hopeful hearts and longing
To become a shining light
In this harbor where you see us
With our faith now lost in sight.
Months ago in mist and fog-smoke
On our voyage we set sail,
Bound for shores unknown and trackless
Where we were to win or fail.
Winds of Destiny blew us hither
And our helm no captain knew,
But the lasses never faltered
Of this fair and gallant crew.
Rough and turbid were the waters;
Quicksands, rocks and reefs near shore
Try our courage well on starting
And of peace we know no more.
Aimless o'er the decks we wander
Searching for we know not what,
And our days we all would squander
Were it not our happy lot
By chance, to see a lofty Sophomore
Like a compass pointing true
To the North-door, to the East-door,
Rooms of state, and mess-rooms too.
To our troubled minds there comes now
Knowledge of a purpose clear,
Schedules planned by kind Committees,
(We won't mention 3.10's here)
Knowledge where to turn our footsteps.
For ourselves the way we see,
And thy guidance no more need we
With due respect, O '93!
Thus so soon we get our bearings
Sailing on in life's rough sea.
And tho' tempests soon beset us,
Storms on windward side and lee,
Grief and sorrow do not grasp us
In a hold so firm and strong
That we cannot find a solace;
Tears and sighing stay not long.
But hold! let not my memory fail me,
We may all recall that scene
When a sight so terrifying
Appeared to eyes before so keen,
But now too dim to see that *Heimweh*
Filled the deck with deluge bleak,
When to *our* tearful vision
It seemed the ship had sprung a leak!
Then, O '93, you saved us
From ship-wreck drear so damp and cold.
Decks were dried and tears were banished,
Cleared by rays of white and gold,
As from deck to deck you lead us
In order of the Alphabet
And refresh and fully feed us
With kind advice and chocolate;
Tokens of affection give us,
Little boats of birch-bark too
With needed warnings and admonitions
For "each to paddle her own canoe."
Calmer, clearer, flow the waters
As the shore grows faint and dim,
Stiller, smoother glides the vessel
And the fog begins to thin.
Lights ahead now greet our vision
And we soon a captain choose,
Thus will we avoid collision
And our way no more we'll lose.
Now on high we furl our colors,
Green and silver flashing bright,
Green the color of all nature,
Silver, that with peaceful light
Shines upon this vast dark orbit
From the moon, the queen of night,
And she will guide us on our journey
Safe into the morning light.
Onward sailing, never failing,
What is to our sight revealed?
Are we reaching safe the harbor
Heretofore from sight concealed?
This the haven that we've longed for,
Shall we cast our anchor *here?*
This an island,—barren, desert,
Tree nor flower blossoms here,
No human creature hath a dwelling
Yet must we stay here a year,
For behold a maiden standeth
On the shore we're drawing near
Bearing in her hand a flower,
But list! she speaks, words reach our ear
Spoken by this lonely maiden,
Words of welcome —not of cheer.
"Oh ye sailors bold and dauntless
Yet unscathed by toil and woe,
Free and fresh in life's young spring-time,
The cares of life ye needs must know.
Leave your careless dance and song time;
To tarry here is best I ween;
Here you'll know but toil and labors
Tho' gems you'll find till now unseen."
Mournful harked we to her story,
Mournful to the end she spoke
Of her labors in dark mid-earth
When she bore the tyrant's yoke,

Till she saw our sails appearing
For then she knew the spell they broke.
And thou, O Spade, who hast sustained her
Thro' days of toil a constant friend,
Honored toil of faithful laborers,
To us thou wilt assistance lend.
Thou wilt help us find the treasures
Hidden far from sight away,
Thou wilt be our friend and helper
As we dig from day to day.
Time alone will show our pleasure,
Our gratitude will then be shown
When we resign this noble trophy
Unspotted still, to stain unknown.
By our tree we swear the watch-word,
May it be the sign and seal;
This spade shall be to us an emblem
Of honest toil in our woe or weal.

Elizabeth Bartholomew.

IVY SONG.

The Song of the Ivy was heard long ago,
O'er the green hills of Norway 'twas ringing.
But the song was so shy that but faintly it stirred
The unknown lips that were singing.

There was many a song in that North sea-land wild,
For the wind cherished many a story
Of rich Eastern bloom and of rare Eastern brides
And the South with its garlands of glory.

The dark river, too, was all brimming with song,
And 'twas sweeping a flood of pure cadence
Into the toil of the strong village men
And the dreams of the North-sea maidens.

But that echoing voice had no chime in its song
To accord with the winds or the waters,
But it ever sang on with its measureless charm
To the queen of those proud Northern daughters.

For when the faint dawn had just turned to the day
Her old face so gray and so lonely,
The maiden Alison wandered abroad
And heard that one voice saying only,

"Oh, 'tis far away, and so far away
To a land of rare wonder, sweet singing,
Come over, Alison, over and stay
Where the bell of life's secret is ringing.

Oh, so far away, and again, yet away
From the jar of the world in its turning,
Come over, Alison, over and stay
For your heart with life's fever is burning."

So the spirit was calling the maiden away
From her father and friendfolk and home,
And it troubled her sore till she whispered its will
For she fain would that fair land discover.

And the fair maiden Alison roamed at the dawn
And at eve when the white dew was falling,
Yet ever beyond her she caught that low song
From the far English valley-lands calling,

"Oh, 'tis far away, and so far away
To a land of rare wonder, sweet singing,
Come over Alison, over and stay
Where the bell of life's secret is ringing.

Oh so far away, and again yet away
From the jar of the world in its turning,
Come over Alison, over and stay,
For your heart with life's fever is burning."

The voice of the stranger has beckoned her forth
To ride far o'er the dark English waters,
But ever the singing sounds over the storm
The hill-songs of far-Northern daughters.

But England has tempered the heart of her sun
And her winds with soft kisses are laden,
As over and over they still whispered low
Their welcoming words to the maiden.

Before a gray castle with dark ivied walls
The maidens their footsteps were staying,
For a wonderful heart-song came out from the hall,
O'er the cool ivied windows was playing.

"King Arthur, King Arthur, O hail to our king!"
Comes the tribute of love outward winging
The North maidens listen and chant the refrain
With their white arms in unison swinging.

And Alison knew then the secret of life
That the world loved through living and dying,
That the ivy was singing its sweet friendship song
As far as the swift clouds were flying.

The love-land called Alison back to its home,
But she left the same secret and singing
To breathe on the air till our spirits should come,
Till *we* heard the friendship bell ringing.

From the far distant land we have brought you this song;
Let your own lips the last echoes render
Till our guardian Ivy knows nothing of wrong,
Sees no heart but with true friendship tender.

I could bid you be true, I could bid you be wise,
Though the knell of advice long is ringing.
But the whole heart of '92 beats with a song
And summons you all to the singing.

Florence Annette Wing, '92.

REPORT OF TREE DAY.

"Come! Come! Glad nature is calling thee,
Look! Look! On the hilltops the sunlight falls free,
Hark! Hark! June's triumph sounds o'er the sea,
Sunshine and song, gladness and strength, beauty and truth bide for thee."

And nature did not call in vain. One and all they came; not one of her children could resist the sunny smile with which she greeted them. Every gloomy fear had flown with the daybreak, and by two o'clock on Friday, June 5, all were ready to respond to her glad summons to Wellesley's Tree Day. As the conventional ever gives place to the natural, so the Spirit of Nature had transformed the court of the Princess Ida, where last year our festal day was held, into an arbor meet for her chosen handmaidens, and over the royal purple had cast her mantle of green.

Before our guests began to grow impatient, the persistent and patient gnomes emerged—not, as might be supposed, from a great opening in the earth, but from the North Door. Yet to show that they had just arrived from their native abode in the depths of the earth, each bore a spade across his shoulder—a bright and shining spade, as if to signify that in the dim and distant future they intended to dig and delve. This was Ninety-Three, though with difficulty recognized in the suits of brown and wealth of wig and whisker. Far different was the next vision seen through that mysterious door—this time the door of the past. For out of it came the fair-haired Saxon, King Arthur, bearing a veritable Excalibur, followed by a train of loyal knights—the very flower of chivalry. Ninety-Two, with its knightly cloak of clover pink over a tunic of pure white, and jaunty cap trimmed with the oak leaf was, in truth, fair to see. Close upon the knight in natural sequence came the Day—in other words, the Specials. They were the epitome of our Tree Day from its fair beginning to a fairer ending. Heralded by the morning star, the dawn with its delicate gray and pink deepened into the blue of the morning and the radiant sunshine of the moontide, which gradually changed again into the glorious sunset hues and the soft gray of the twilight with its evening star. Thus the day passed, and those whose day was already past but not forgot. Ninety, in the splendor of a bygone year, came next to gladden our eyes again. The chorus of Foundling Girls in dainty white caps and kerchiefs and pretty lavender gowns came forth with demure looks and downcast eyes to bring harmony and not discord into our midst. We longed to hear the melodious strains of music which they carried in their hands, but though they had no share in the real music of Tree Day, they lent an added grace to the pretty grouping and artistic effect of the day.

Once more there was breathless silene in Nature's abode, and all turned to watch the coming of the crew of Ninety-Four, led by their trusty pilot, who had stood at the helm on the perilous voyage through Freshman days. They were a mighty throng of sailors, more than ever before were seen on the deck of the Freshman ship. Each was clad in a trim sailor suit of pale sea-green looking remarkably nautical, though out of sight and sound of the sea. Their welcome grow more and more enthusiastic as the long line advanced; the breezes danced more merrily and the birds sang more joyously at sight of them.

And now all had joined the happy throng save Ninety-one. Will they too enter Nature's court? Yes truly, for in the distance could be heard the glad refrain:

"Come! Come! Glad nature is calling thee." By four paths they come, singing the story of the four years past, and in their loyalty to Nature they pay no heed to man, but turned their eager steps toward their tree, whence the spirit of Nature is to emerge. And when they were gathered about the tree, the spirit-queen sent her couriers with triumphant song to give to each of these Children of Light a fern—the glad psalm of victory. Thus welcomed, the spirit, clad in nature's own colors, led them into her court and extended to all present gracious and winning words of welcome. And ere she had finished, all had yielded to her will and banished every thought of care to dwell with Nature's self for one brief day. And first the spirit summoned her who could interpret the past, clothed in the red robe in token of achievement. Not altogether gracious and gentle were her words, but all were wise and witty. From the balcony above Ninety-One's Glee Club re-echoed her accents in a gay and merry song. Again the spirit called on one who wore the green robe as symbol of growth who brought before us the problems of our present college life. Such earnest and eloquent words found a fitting response in a song of loyalty and hope from the voices waiting above. Now the question of the future could be touched only by the one who had stood at our head and looked farther than we into the dark mystery of that future whose colors she wore. Our Senior President's words of truth and beauty inspired once more a song from Nature's voices—a pledge of patient watching and strong effort in that future near at hand. The music of this song was written by Miss Alice S. Clement.

And now we are all led away not into a shadowy future but into a merry one. Down by the shore of Longfellow's pond, where the only shadow is that cast by a young tree, there gathered the fairest and happiest crew of sailor-maidens that ever gladdened man's sad eyes. In green and silver suits they lay there under the trees and the waters were more beautiful still because of the gay beauty of those reflected forms. When Ninety-one's President had presented to her young sister a share in her chosen color, the green, modelled after the form of an anchor, all were stilled to hear a sailor's oration; which proved wise and witty in something besides nautical lore. And close upon her departure there stepped before us, out from the midst of those humble gnomes, a creature so fair and graceful that we could not have recognized her relationship to these delvers, had it not been that she and they alike bore spades within their hands. The young sister of the gnomes was generously inclined and after a poetic rehearsal of her past she gave to these jolly, careless sailors her treasured spade. Will they use it but once and cast it away we wonder? A beguiling sailor-maiden received this storied spade with words which made us suspect that she had dreamt fair dreams while her comrades toiled with wind and wave. And, to be sure, we did not find her form upon the Freshman boat when a little later it launched upon its eventful voyage. This boat was beautiful by decorations of green and silver, and its prow was decked with boughs. But its burden of sailor-maidens was its pride and greatest treasure. To the music of more distant voices, those maidens sped away, traversing swifter than thought the four years of their College life. Too swiftly was the voyage passed, for all had watched with breathless delight the harmonious movement, the graceful gestures, the swaying forms. The complexity of this symphony of motion was only equalled by the skill and grace with which it was accomplished. And at the end all felt that they who had so charmingly done the last thing must indeed with good success "doe ye nexte thynge."

Once more away. This time we toiled with cheerful hearts up the hill to the library window. Why should we not be cheerful? For King Arthur had summoned us through a clear-voiced herald and nothing but noble deed could be awaiting us. There by the library window grew a young ivy and near it stood a bard who sang for us the story which hereafter their ivy should teach the class of Ninety-Two. And with her last sweet notes, Nature's reign was over and her Partridge pointed his murderous instrument at the fair form of the spirit of Nature. So all the various bands were

slaughtered at his hands, leaving to posterity an unfading memorial of Ninety-One's glad and glorious Tree Day.

These hostile operations were followed by friendly overtures on the part of the hospitable matrons of the cottages. The afternoon teas served at the various buildings of the different classes were a new and delightful feature of Tree Day. That all fully appreciated this generous entertainment was shown by the universal spirit of cheerfulness which pervaded the ranks of the feasters.

The evening reception was a gay gathering of masqueraders, and neither music nor dancing was wanting to give it something more than the outward appearance of jollity. The College songs were sung with spirit by many voices, and were ended by an enthusiastic cheer for the leader, Miss Perrin.

One thing just remained to be done. At a quarter before ten the Seniors sallied forth to serenade their tree and the Freshmen. With unflagging footsteps and unwearied song they went their rounds, and when they sang "Good-night," the happiest Tree-Day was over.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, June 7, Dr. N. G. Clark, of Boston, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from I Pet. 1:5, "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

* * *

We were glad to hear Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's voice in the chapel again on Tuesday evening, June 2. This time the subject of his lecture was "Personality in Literature." Dr. Johnson, he said, is the best illustration of a personality inadequately expressed in his work, which was formal and artificial. But he spoke with Saxon bluntness and a rugged strength; through the service of Boswell, we know of no more definite pronounced personality from Chaucer to Carlyle. He is remembered for what he was rather than for what he wrote. Shakespeare's personality, on the other hand, was completely expressed in his works. Had he a Boswell, we should not know him more clearly, for Shakespeare left nothing unsaid which would have revealed his nature. The two serve to illustrate a principle: a man's work approaches the highest standard which best expresses his personality. Personality in literature is not a man's idea of himself such as is revealed in confessions and autobiographies, but the harmonious expression of the whole man, whatever is distinctive,—his view of life, his insight into human character. His conception of life and art is the essence of the difference between him and other thinkers. Job, Eschylus, Shakespeare and Moliere have never been repeated, because the outcome of different natures. The great witnesses to the truth have seen, and known and felt, therefore they speak. Personality is dependent upon race instincts. An author bears the marks of the time in which he lives, but this does not explain the secret. Searching science cannot analyze that which is distilled into a man's soul by the alchemy of living. In every masterpiece, there is something inexplicable, something creative. Gœthe could not explain Faust: for the creation of it was unconscious, he merely gave it form. An idea can appear as philosophy, but never as art, which is not expressed through the medium of personality, for art depends upon a man's point of view. All experience must be possible, if not actual to the author. Gray, though individual, is an illustration of limited experience and narrow outlook. In Browning a vast range of expression is added to the creative impulse. It is the function of literature to portray and interpret what is understood and shared by all through the art-quality, personality. Form and structure play an important part in the expression of personality. Detach the bare truths in Hamlet from its dramatic form, and you have a series of aphorisms, but it has ceased to be literature or art. There is in a masterpiece no division between soul and body, for when an idea becomes concrete, it assumes form. The Divine Comedy was welded together with no sound of the hammer. The imagination is the one creative faculty which see and interprets, shaping the structure and determining what great message each shall express. The imagination is in one sense the man, but style is no less inevitable. Style is the effort of man to attain perfect self-expression, for self-expression is a necessity. After personality was liberated by the Renaissance, men learned to follow the lead of their own genius. Without great personality great literature is impossible.

An informal talk on the "Sources of Literature" was given by Mr. Mabie on Wednesday afternoon, June 3. Literature is the greatest instrument of knowledge we possess: nothing educates like the knowledge of what men have known, and thought, and been. To understand a book we must know the life, the history, the human soul that made it. Before life was expressed in written speech or in art, the Greeks gave us the stories of mythology, the root of all literature. "The ballad dance was the photoplasm of Literature." Men were striving to express their deep feelings of soul and of life, in the song and dance. The drama, the most complex of our literary forms, comes beautifully from the life of the common people. It is in substance and form a popular revolution out of popular life. Books are, therefore, an expression of human life. Is there anything more beautiful than the dawning of a face in literature? There was no picture of man in the earliest literature: men were still entangled in the shining web of God's creation—they did not know themselves. In the middle ages the portrait is beautiful, but like the angels of Fra Angelico—all of one type. Not till we come to the Canterbury Tales, do we see man's face standing out distinctly, perfectly expressed. The first portrait was an ideal: the second was a Rembrandt, the ideal realized. The impress of character, spirit, and time, is reproduced in literature. The novel is the modern form of expressing the universal life of man. Behind all literature is the impulse toward the expression of human life. The great epochs in its history are caused by the inflowing of this wave of passion. What literature means as a whole, Gœthe tells us, when he first opened a little volume of Shakespeare: "Looking into the book of fate, with the hurricane of life tossing the leaves to and fro."

COLLEGE NOTES.

BULLETIN.

Monday, June 15.—Concert by the Beethoven Society at 7.30 P. M.

Thursday, June 18.—End of Examinations. Junior Garden Party in honor of the Senior Class, at 5.00 P. M., preceded by Glee Club Concert at 4.00 P. M.

Friday, June 19.—Recital by the Graduates of the School of Music, at 11.00 A. M.

Saturday, June 20.—President's Reception to the Senior Class at 8 00 P. M.

Sunday, June 21.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop John Fletcher Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at 4.00 P. M.

Monday, June 22.—Commencement Concert at 7.45 P. M.

Tuesday, June 23.—Commencement Exercises at 3.00 P. M. Orator: Rev. Heman Lincoln Wayland, D. D. Reception at 8 00 P. M.

In accordance with the recent amendment to their constitution, the Junior class have elected their Senior president this spring instead of next fall. Miss Mary Alice Emerson is the Senior president of the class of '92.

Many Alumnæ and former students were able to be at the College on Tree Day, to help celebrate what is *the* day of the year at Wellesley. Most of them are to stay over Commencement; but a few could make their Alma Mater only a flying visit, and were obliged to take leave on Saturday or Monday morning. Some of the Seniors were fortunate enough to have their mothers with them, and for them, more than for any, Tree Day was a happy day.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie's lectures, last week, on "Personality in Literature" and "Sources of Literature," were as fine as his lectures always are, and were fully appreciated by those who had the opportunity of hearing them. Unfortunately the week before examinations is the busiest time of the year, and the small audiences of Mr. Mabie were, on this account, a necessity.

Last Saturday evening, Miss Elizabeth Stewart, president of Zeta Alpha, gave a small and informal reception to the members of Zeta Alpha, in honor of Miss Sherwin and Miss Buffum, former presidents of the society. To the regret of all, Miss Buffum had been detained elsewhere and was unable to be present.

One of the pleasantest features of Tree Day, this year, were the informal teas given to the several classes, after the exercises on the campus. The breaking up of the different classes and the hurried supper, between the Tree Day exercises in the afternoon and the reception in the evening have always been felt to be unpleasant, and this way of solving the difficulty has proved a success.

Last Saturday afternoon, the Art Society went on a picnic to Fort Norumbega. Two wagonettes carried the party to the Fort, where an unexpected pleasure awaited them. Prof. Horsford happened to be there that afternoon, and added a great deal to their visit by explaining all the points of historical interest. The party spent nearly two hours at the Fort, and left it at about seven o'clock, after taking tea on the rocks at its foot.

Mr. Cummings, superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, of Boston, brought eight of the "Little Wanderers" to Wellesley, on Thursday of last week. They came early in the afternoon, that the children might have the fun of going out on Lake Waban in the crew boats and of roaming over the grounds Several members of the crews took them in charge while on the lake, and afterwards they were given refreshments in the gymnasium. In the evening, at the regular weekly prayer-meeting, the superintendent made a short address, and the children sang some of their songs. Mr. Cummings told of the work which he represented. The "The Little Wanderers' Home" is for those children who are left orphans or have been deserted by their parents, and for those also whose parents cannot afford to support them, and who must otherwise go to the poor-house. Only children strong in body and mind are received. After they have had good training at the Home, other homes are found for them into which they may be adopted. Since its establishment the Home has received 7,000 children. For 5,000 of these, other homes have been found, and 2,000 have been taken back by their parents. $23.000 a year is required for this charity.

The following notice is published in the PRELUDE at the request of the Board of Directors of The National Conservatory of Music of America, Nos. 126 and 128 East 17th Street, New York:

The annual Entrance Examinations will be held as follows:

Singing:—September 24th and 25th, 1891, from 9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; from 8 to 10 p. m.

Violin, 'Cello, Contrabass, Harp, and all other Orchestral Instruments:—September 28th, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

Piano and organ:—September 29th, 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

Orchestra:—November 2d, from 4 to 6 p. m.

Chorus:—November 4th, from 8 to 10 p. m.

Operatic Chorus:—November 2d, from 8 to 10 p. m.

The object of the National Conservatory of Music being the advancement of Music in the United States through the development of American talent, applications for admission into the classes of the Conservatory are hereby invited. It is expected that positive aptitude shall be shown by the candidates for admission, without regard to the applicant's stage of progress, and that his or her desire to receive the instruction imparted in the Conservatory shall be the outcome of a serious and well-defined purpose. The successful candidates will enjoy the tuition of the best teachers that can be engaged, and, after graduation, will be afforded opportunities of making known their accomplishments, thus securing engagements. The conditions of admissions as to fees, etc., (varying according to the classification of the pupil), are determined by the Board of Directors. Instruction in all branches will be given to students whose talent and circumstances warrant it. The course embraces tuition in Singing, Operatic and Miscellaneous, Solfeggio, Stage Deportment, Elocution, Fencing and Italian, Piano, Organ, Harp, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Flute, Oboe, Clarionet, Bassoon, French Horn, Cornet, Trombone, Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition, History of Music, Chamber Music, Orchestra and Chorus. For further particulars, address Charles Inslee Pardee, A. M., Secretary.

An Association composed of former students and graduates of the College, was organized in Philadelphia in May under the name of the Phila Wellesley Club. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President,	Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '88.
Vice President,	Miss Anna Palen, '88.
Secretary,	Miss Una Ludor, '86.
Treasurer,	Miss H. Leypoldt, Special, '82.
Director,	Miss Ray Sweatman, Special, '82.

All communications should be sent to the Secretary, Trenton, New Jersey.

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